

Cymbeline abbreviated

Act 4, Scene 2

Tribute

Situation: Belarius acknowledges that Nature has endowed these boys with “princely” characteristics, Guiderius aggressively dispatching the unseemly Cloten, Arviragus envying his brother for getting to do the dirty work. Arviragus slips off to attend the ill and weak Fidele to help as best he can.

GUIDERIUS: With his own sword, which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en his head from him.

He exits.

BELARIUS: I fear 'twill be revenged. I wish, Guiderius, thou hadst not done 't.

ARVIRAGUS: Would I had done 't, so the revenge alone pursued me. Guiderius, I love thee brotherly, but envy much thou hast robbed me of this deed.

BELARIUS: Well, 'tis done. We'll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger where there's no profit. You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay till hasty Guiderius return.

ARVIRAGUS: Poor sick Fidele. I'll willingly to him.

He exits.

Belarius to Himself, No. 2

O thou divine Nature, thou goddess, thee
Hast blazoned thyself in these two princely
Boys. They are as gentle as the breeze that
Blows beneath the violet, yet when their royal
Blood is tested they are as the winds at
The mountain's top, each to the other loyal,
Forcing the pines to bend. 'Tis a wonder
That an invisible instinct should stir
In them civility untaught; that yields
For them royalty, honor and a range
Of rough valor that grows; that for them yields
A crop as if it had been sowed. 'Tis strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
And how for us the tale of his death ends.